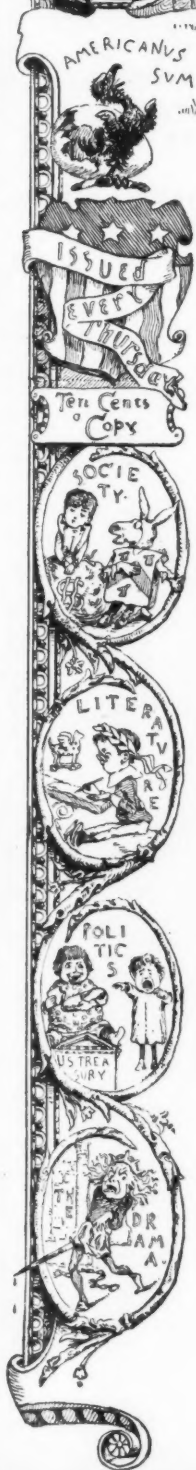


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ANGLO-JAPANESE.

"MADAME DRAGON, I'VE COME WITH MY LITTLE FRIEND, THE FOX, TO KEEP OFF THE BEAR."

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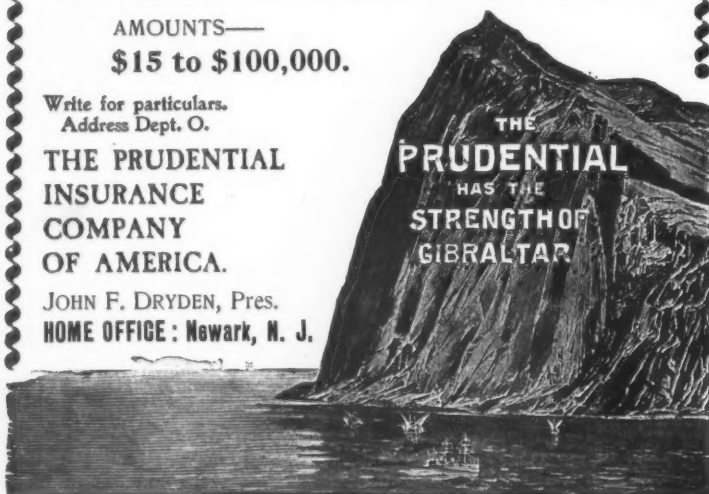
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By the Author of Amos Judd

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get anything which, remembered, would have been valuable to you in any way? These are questions worthy of careful thought, and when one stops to consider that a system is now being used which will overcome all these serious obstacles to success, what need is there to hesitate? Any bank, business house or minister of the Gospel in Fort Wayne will be glad to tell what they know of Mr. Urbahns. His integrity and honesty of purpose is unquestioned. He is prepared to furnish plenty of evidence as to the value of his method among those who have used it, and it does seem that anyone who feels the need of a better memory can not do a wiser thing than to investigate this new system thoroughly, coming as it does from a source entirely trustworthy. Simply send your name and address to Mr. D. F. Urbahns, 123 Bass Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the full information and particulars will be forwarded to you free by return mail. Readers are requested to write without delay.

# LIFE



LEPIDOPTERA.

THE MOTH: A LEPIDOPTEROUS INSECT WITH NOCTURNAL HABITS.—Webster.

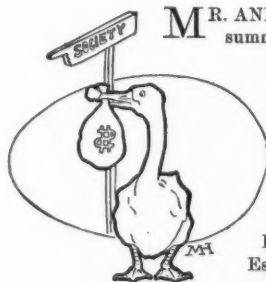
## Society.

**M**R. AND MRS. FABULUS PYLE are going to their summer home, Diamondhurst, early in June. Mr. Pyle's income this year amounts to a little over three millions so far, and he wants to be in town to look after it. He says trusts are good things.

Mrs. Pursey Strutt gave a small dinner the other night. Among those present were the same old familiar figures with the same old familiar names.

Billy Shamm, only son of Golden Shamm, Esq., takes great pleasure in his new racing automobile. He ran over a little boy the other day and broke his back. No harm done, however, as such episodes afford excitement, and the Golden Shamm can well afford to pay the damages.

Miss Sadie Plump, eldest daughter of Mr. Parvenu Plump, had a coming-out party last week. The caterer's bill alone amounted to thirty-two hundred dollars. Sadie is considered a great belle. Her beauty, largely in Government bonds, is undisputed.



EVERY ONE HIS OWN FIRE DEPARTMENT.

"DOESN'T THAT NASTY TOBACCO BURN YOUR TONGUE?"  
 "OH, NO. YOU SEE EVERY TIME I PULL ON MY PIPE IT PLAYS A  
 STREAM OF WATER ON IT."





"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXIX. APRIL 17, 1902. No. 1016.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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MAYOR LOW has a hard job. He is trying to give us a good administration. He has to use a police force in which Tammany is strongly intrenched, and out of which the Tammany appointees cannot be summarily driven. He has to use a street-cleaning department which Tammany had demoralized, and in which many positions are still held by men who want to see his administration fail, and give way to Tammany plunderers. The revolt of the patrolmen of the police force against their dishonest captains is considered in some quarters as a reflection on the Mayor. Dr. Parkhurst says the police are reforming the administration that was to have reformed the police. Let reform come any way, so long as we get it. There would have been no police revolt under Croker. It has come under a reform administration because conditions have favored it. The Mayor is on the side of the honest policemen, and of every honest public servant from the District Attorney down. Give the Mayor time. All the wreckers are against him. Every chance to discredit him will be improved. All unreasonable folks will be

impatient because he cannot accomplish the impossible. Give him time and back him up.



THE clash with General Miles must be exceedingly unwelcome to the Administration. The most will be made of it by General Miles's friends, by the opponents of the new plan for a general staff for the army, and by such Democrats as see in it a chance to stir up a useful sentiment against President Roosevelt. The Schley rooters will all be for Miles, and will make as great a din as they can if Miles is retired. The inconsiderate are likely to make Miles their hero, just as they made a hero of Schley. General Miles's fighting record is good, but his indiscretions of late have been frequent and grave, and if he falls a victim to them we shall have to bear it with such tranquillity as we may. Colonel Watterson says we have a man-on-horseback in the White House; a man with the ambitions and sentiments, if not the talents, of a Diaz. Diaz is a very good man—for Mexico, but we would not want him here, and we have not got him. Colonel Watterson knows that as well as anyone does, but he also knows that the Democratic Party is very hard up for an issue, and that no stone should be left unturned which will do to throw at the next Republican candidate for President. Let him make the most of the Miles issue. There is no depth to it. General Miles has more courage than wisdom nowadays. If he is retired his retirement may be regretted, but will not be condemned by fair-minded observers.



SINCE April 3 Dr. Edward Everett Hale has been a good man eighty years old. They kept his birthday with public services in Boston, and all the newspapers, everywhere, have been saying what a credit he is to the country. It is all true. There is no minister anywhere to beat Dr. Hale. People got tired of admiring him years ago. There was too much sameness about it, for he was always admirable no matter

what he turned his hand to. They settled down instead into sentiments of affectionate regard that were no trouble, and did them good.

Dr. Hale is an example to us all to stick to our business in life, no matter if it is the ministry, and not leave it to go into the story business, even though we are encouraged to believe it may be lucrative. Dr. Hale is an extremely good story-writer. "The Man Without a Country" is as good a short story as there is. He wrote that long ago, and he has written others since. Indeed, he writes constantly now, and no doubt if he had really spent his strength on fiction, he would have turned out some great books. But what with being a minister, an editor, and a general care-taker for the human race, he has not found time to be a great novelist, and it seems to have been only by a lucky chance that he has written stories at all. The truth is he has never found time to capture fame, and though he is famous, it is because it happened so and not because he ever set his heart on it. That is one reason why his birthday has been honored.



CECIL RHODES'S extraordinary bequest to found scholarships at Oxford for Americans and Germans is the most remarkable testamentary exploit that has been done in recent years. Of course there is no telling beforehand how it will work, and forecasts of its results appeal, as yet, more to the sense of humor than to the graver faculties. But a vast deal of interest is taken in this country in the bequest, and it seems sure to be received in the spirit in which it was made. The general aim of it is beneficent and useful beyond criticism. By providing for the constant residence of about a hundred young Americans at Oxford, it seems to invite a provision for the residence of a corresponding group of young British scholars at our universities. The balance must be kept true somehow, and it seems likely that if Mr. Rhodes's imaginings are successfully worked out, they will influence testators in this country to reciprocate.





He: SO YOU WON'T KISS AND MAKE UP?  
"WELL, I WON'T MAKE UP."



better things. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.)

It is remarkable how frequently books upon similar themes appear in pairs—when they do not come in flocks. Having lately mentioned the rather notable study of life among the North Italian republics, *The Valley of Decision*, we have now Clinton Scollard's *The Cloistering of Ursula*. Light, graceful and tasty, it is like the frosting to Edith Wharton's cake. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Philadelphia has had so much more than its share of the staging of American historical romance that it tickles our sense of justice to find a

really good translation into fiction of Paul Revere and the Boston Tea Party. Such is *The Colonials*, by Allan French. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

One would think the romantic possibilities of Monmouth's Rebellion had by now been exhausted, but John Finemore has found therein material for a graceful little story which he calls *The Lover Fugitives*. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

Now that we are all hurrying through meals to clear the dining-room for table-tennis, Mr. Arnold Parker's booklet, *Ping Pong, the Game and How to Play It*, will find a ready welcome. In English Mr. Parker's service is slow and occasionally falls in the net, but his Ping Pong is of the championship variety. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

LIFE'S COLLECTION OF APHORISMS BY PEOPLE WHO KNOW.

"AN ORPHAN? POOR DEAR. ARE YOU ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD, THEN?"

"SHUCKS, NO. I'VE GOT MORE FELLERS THAN YOU KIN SHAKE A STICK AT!"



IN *ST. NAZARIOUS*, A. C. Farquharson has written an unusual book, with a quaint old-time atmosphere about its unfashionable themes of affection and self-forgetfulness. It is an artistic study of characters nearly forgotten in these days when fiction is given over to the recounting of adventure and the analysis of passion. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*Before the Dawn, a Story of Russian Life*, by Pimenoff-Noble, is a didactic novel pure and simple, with all the shortcomings of its type. The object of Mr. Noble and his wife is the depicting of Russian political activities in the '70s, and to this end are sacrificed both cohesiveness and continuity. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

The literary opportunities which the times offer to a modern Juvenal are attractive, and Ernest Crosby essays the role in his military satire, *Captain Jinks, Hero*. Mr. Crosby occasionally substitutes a clubbed musket for the rapier of wit, but his volume is still an excellent beginning, and, we hope, promises yet



## Generosity

Give freely, if the public is looking at you; otherwise it won't pay.

Joseph Graball Pincher.

S. S. S.

MARCONI brought his "Wireless" here, and sent

Some cabalistic dots across the Sea. These, we are told, were S's. Surely he From out the alphabet chose well.

They meant

A rise in wireless stock, those letters.

See,

Two dashes make them dollars instantly.

\$. \$. \$.

Florence Kimball Russel.

An April Fancy.

A LITTLE Maiden Wind tip-toed her way across a meadow. So dainty were her footsteps that the new grass hardly bent beneath them, and so gentle her caresses that not a single flower-bud turned aside.

"What a sweet, sweet meadow," sighed the little Maiden Wind, catching her draperies in one hand and reaching out the other in gentlest greetings.

During all the day she loitered through the meadow, and toward nightfall she came near the entrance of a city. She had never seen a city, so, when a spirit of adventure (to

which little Maiden Winds are liable) took possession of her, she wandered in.

To her great surprise she found the earth and air of the city cut into many passages and subtle turnings filled with human beings hurrying back and forth. She followed one man for a time, trying to discover why he hurried; but as she could not in the least understand his movements, she presently left him and amused herself by chasing stray things around corners and poking inquisitive fingers into all sorts of places never meant for the fingers of a little Maiden Wind. But she soon wearied. The great noise that had been imprisoned in the passages troubled her. She was constantly thinking how much more comfortable it would be out in the meadow where there was room enough. Then

it suddenly occurred to her that possibly the noise was lost; that even the rushing people might also be lost. Perhaps they were all seeking the meadow and could not find it! Whereupon a great fear seized her that maybe she herself might never again see the beautiful, beautiful meadow! And she felt a passionate terror of the great city, and began running wildly about, knocking into the people and hindered by everything.

"O dear, O dear," screamed the little Maiden Wind, dashing herself against a

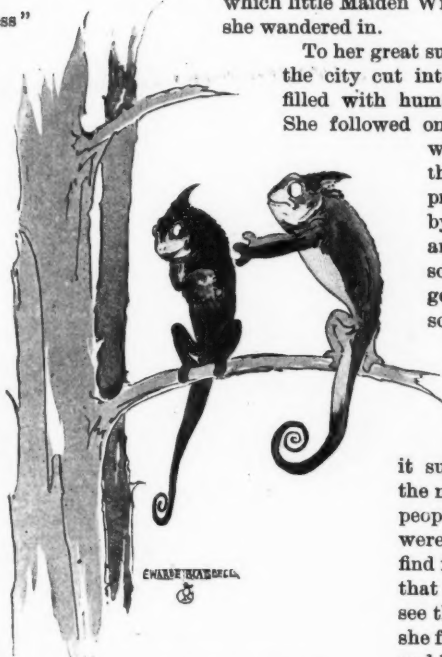
wall, "I can't get out, I can't get out, I say," and she flung her arms up over her head.

Behind a basement window stood a City Child, pale and wistful. Outside, in an old box, some young plants lived; and they, too, were pale and wistful. At sight of them the little Maiden Wind burst into tears.

"You dear, dear things," she sobbed, taking them for a moment in her arms. "Have you never seen the meadow? I must find the meadow, for without it I shall die." And so, with sweet complaining, she passed on.

"Mother," said the City Child, who had seen a few big drops come splashing out of a clear sky upon his flower-pots, "Mother, the wind is crying!"

Isabel Moore.



JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

Chameleon: COME, MY DEAR, AN HOUR AGO YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME.

She: 'TIS TRUE. BUT EVERY TIME I CHANGE MY COLOR I CHANGE MY MIND.

## The Intellectual Life

Train yer brain. Ten to one it's de way to git next de best people.

Larry O'Rourke, Barkeep.



**No Escape.**

**H**OW sweet the soporific ways  
Of somnolent old ships,  
That sailed for days, and  
days, and days  
On transatlantic trips—  
Not ocean greyhounds, wild to race  
Along at hydrophobic pace!

The weary man of business then  
Had time to be a boy  
And play at simple games again,  
Or rest with grateful joy.  
No leisure now to loaf or laugh,  
Pursued by wireless telegraph.  
From zone to zone, from shore to shore,  
"Twill compass him around,  
Till relaxation nevermore  
On shipboard may be found:  
Staccato, nervous, hard and quick,  
The restless telegraph will click.  
As ships will print a daily sheet,  
If he's a noted man,  
His snapshot portraits he must meet  
As calmly as he can;  
The blithe reporter'll be there, too,  
And life one glad, long interview!  
The dawn may bring a home dispatch,—  
"The children have the mumps."  
He'll read at breakfast, snatch by snatch,  
Which way the market jumps;  
And frantic tars, he fain would fight,  
Will yell their "Extras" day and  
night!

Anna Mathewson.

**Coronomania.**

(By our special home-grown cockney on the spot.)

**L**ONDON: From the usual high and strictly authoritative sources patronized by special correspondents when news is scarce, I learn the following particulars about the coming coronation:

Preparations are now in full swing at Westminster Abbey. One hundred carpen-



"I SEE BY THE POSTERS THAT FOOTLIGHTS IS TRAVELING UNDER HIS WIFE'S MANAGEMENT."  
"SO DO MOST MEN—BUT THEY DON'T ADVERTISE IT."

ters are at work on the peers' gallery alone.

The Poet Laureate purchased a new Pocket Rhyming Dictionary two weeks ago, and is now definitely at work on his coronation ode.

Various plans are being put forward

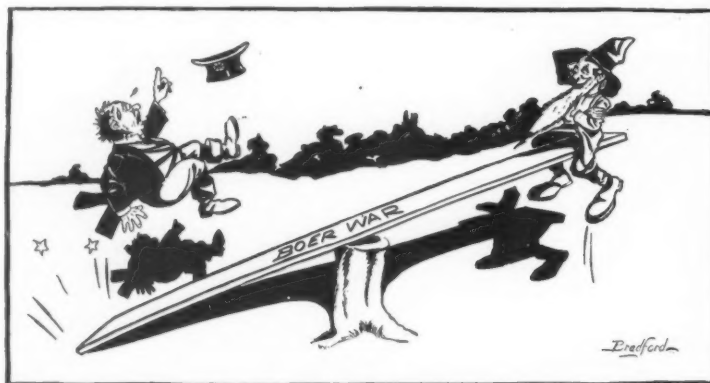
whereby the very large number of intending American visitors may be saved the great inconvenience of a crowded transatlantic excursion. It is suggested that King Edward and a strong English company might hold the coronation at Madison Square Abbey, New York, with Mr. Frohman as managing Earl Marshal. The needful princesses could be supplied locally from among the domestic servants and others of equally commanding position. The whole affair would be quite in keeping with the latest traditions of a supremely democratic nation.

The number expected to be present in Westminster Abbey during the coronation ceremony is estimated at seven thousand human beings and twenty-nine dukes.

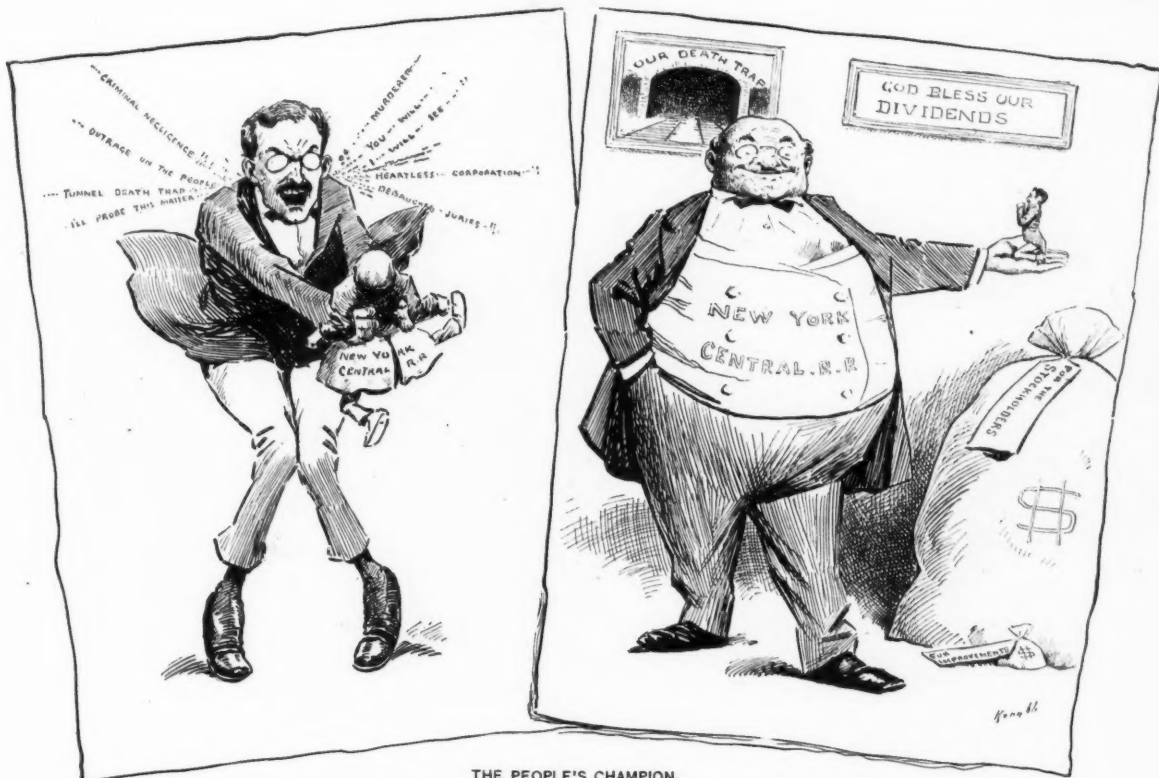
Norman Alliston.

**Universal.**

"PAPA, what is an optimist?"  
"Any man, my son, who has just succeeded in getting the best of his neighbor."



John Bull: I SAY, LET'S STOP. YOU LOOK AWFUL TIRED.



OUR BRAVE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, WAS TERRIBLE IN HIS WRATH JUST AFTER THE TUNNEL HORROR, BUT—

HE SEEMS TO HAVE SHRUNK WITH THE PASSING MONTHS.

### Up-to-Date Methods.

EXPERIMENTERS do have lots of fun. There is no doubt about that.

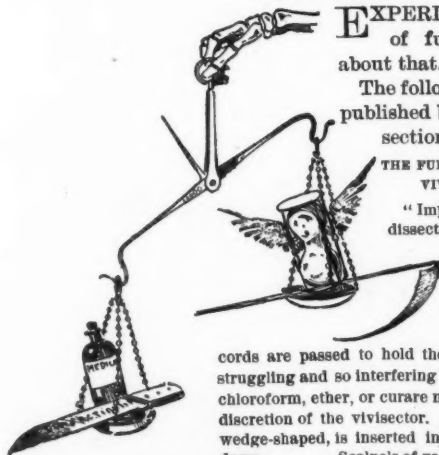
The following is from *Dark Deeds*, published by the London Anti-Vivisection Society:

#### THE FURNITURE AND IMPLEMENTS OF A VIVISECTIONAL LABORATORY.

"Implements" or Tools used in the dissection of living animals are varied and often ingenious in their construction, and consist of racks, holdfasts, and tables made of wood, furnished with rings, clips, through which cords are passed to hold the animal down, and prevent its struggling and so interfering with the "experiment"; both chloroform, ether, or curare may (or may not) be used at the discretion of the vivisector. . . . Often a block of wood, wedge-shaped, is inserted in the mouth and the jaws tied down. . . . Scalpels of various forms, curved and bent, so

as to get at the parts, fine bone saws, trephining saws (by which a circular piece of bone is cut out of the skull of the living animal), spring forceps, steel bone cutters, curved needles, of various sizes, glass syringes, with nozzles of various shapes (for the injection of disgusting bacteriological "cultures," ferments, and other concoctions made in the Physiological Laboratory) are also used.

These modern "Scientists" could have given points to Philip II. and his clumsy methods.



IN MICROBEHOLLOW.

*Dr. Bacillus*: HEM! VERY SERIOUS CASE. TOTAL LOSS OF VITALITY. JUST CALLED ME IN TIME. YOU MUST MOVE TO A HEALTHY, CONGENIAL RESORT AND RECUPERATE. I WOULD ADVISE A SEASON IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT OF NEW YORK. IT WILL STRENGTHEN AND FATTEN YOU.





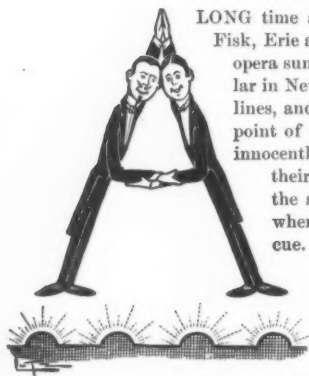
THE HEIRESS.

SHE CANNOT TALK, SHE CANNOT SING,  
SHE LOOKS A FRIGHT; BUT FOLKS AVER  
TEN MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SET APART  
TO TALK AND SING AND LOOK FOR HER.





### Bedraggled French Opera and a Case of Plain Duty.



LONG time ago, back in the halcyon days of Jim Fisk, Erie and the Grand Opera House, Offenbach opera sung in French by French artists was popular in New York. Not every one understood the lines, and very few New Yorkers could catch the point of the double-ended jokes. Therefore they innocently took their wives and their sisters and their aunts and their sweethearts, gleaned the stories from the librettos, and laughed when some one who knew French gave the cue. Even to such audiences the operas were enjoyable on account of Offenbach's delightful music which appealed to the taste of every one, and because they were well-sung and well-acted.

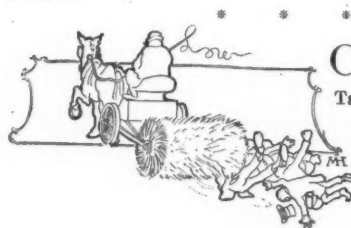
The present generation of New Yorkers has never heard Offenbach adequately done in French, and it would seem as though perhaps the time was ripe for their successful revival. There are a number of old citizens left who would be glad to freshen their recollection of Paolo-Marie, Montalan, Aimée and the others who were favorites in that era of gayety. But to all these the performance of "La Belle Helène," by many thought to be Offenbach's masterpiece, was a distinct disappointment. The company is so very third-rate that it has probably indefinitely set back any chance of an adequate presentation of French opera. It has taken the edge off whatever popular demand or curiosity there might have been about this form of entertainment.

In the organization now appearing at the Victoria, two or three of the people can sing, two or three can act, but those who can sing can't act, and those who can act can't sing, and most of the people can do neither. An exception is Mlle. Laya, who, as *Helène*, was head and shoulders above her companions, and who had fairly to push most of the company through its work. M. Douchet, the *Menelas*, and M. Gabel, the *Calchas*, were better comedians than several nightly seen on New York stages, but neither can sing. The company was badly rehearsed, badly costumed, and few of its members knew either the lines or the business of their parts. Offenbach's delightful music might have done something towards redeeming the performance, but the orchestra played as though the musicians had seen the score for the first time.

It seems rather an impertinence to place such a slipshod performance before a New York audience. Such a presentation of Offenbach would be hissed off the stage in a provincial village in France.

**B**OTH in London and New York the experiment of keeping late-comers out of the theatres until the end of the first act has proved a failure. In this city of magnificent distances up and down, the problem making the dinner hour and the theatre hour fit is doubly difficult. Short curtain-raisers would

solve the difficulty and at the same time give budding dramatists a chance.



**C**LEANING New York of the dirt left by Tammany is a mighty serious proposition, and the new administration is not to be blamed if it does not accomplish its Herculean task in the twinkling of an eye.

To bring the thoroughly demoralized police force back to any condition of effectiveness is the first step and one which seems to take all the present time and energy of Mr. Low and his associates. This done, and it seems likely to be done eventually, we may expect the administration to turn its attention to some violations of the law which interfere not only with the happiness, but the safety, of New York's citizens. The sidewalks may be redeemed from the beggars, huxters and builders who unlawfully encumber them. Street traffic may be made safe against all sorts of vehicles running at illegal rates of speed. One of the most important tasks before the City Government is the strict enforcement of the laws which safeguard human life in places of public amusement.

The theatrical season is coming to an end, and it is very possible that there will be a relaxation of the efforts already made to compel managers to comply with the laws. This should not be. Now is the time to secure the evidence which will compel the managers and owners of theatres to make the changes necessary to make their houses safe. During the summer months these changes can be made with the least cost and inconvenience, but they will not be made unless Commissioner Sturgis of the Fire Department and Superintendent Stewart of the Buildings Department are persistent and untiring. Such death-traps as the Casino, the New York Theatre Roof-garden, the Savoy, the Bijou, the Madison Square and many less prominent places of assembly should be remodelled at once.

Between this and the opening of next season there will be plenty of time to enforce the laws, and no excuse should stand in the way of this plain duty of Mr. Low's administration. LIFE has no desire to say "We told you so" in the matter of the burning of a New York theatre with great loss of life, but such a tragedy is about due.

Metcalfe.

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music*.—Last weeks of "Under Two Flags," with Blanche Bates as *Cigarette*. Worth seeing.

*Bijou*.—Amelia Bingham and company in "A Modern Magdalen." Excellent cast in moderately interesting dramatization of old theme.

*Broadway*.—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." As funny, spectacular and musical as ever.

*Criterion*.—Mrs. Leslie Carter as *Du Barry*. Imposing, interesting and thrilling.

*Daly's*.—"San Toy." Clever and musical comedy.

*Empire*.—Stock company in "The Importance of Being Earnest." Notice later.

*Garrick*.—"Sky Farm." "Gosh darn" play, with real horses, real hay, etc. Second-rate.

*Herald Square*.—"Dolly Varden" continues to be bright and musical.

*Knickerbocker*.—"The Toreador." Common, or garden, comic opera.

*Manhattan*.—Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Her Lord and Master." Not especially brilliant.

*Madison Square*.—"The Diplomat," with William Collier as a Tenderloin hero. Diaphanous but funny.

*Republic*.—Last week of "As You Like It," with Henrietta Crosman as *Rosalind*. Every one should see it.

*Savoy*.—"Soldiers of Fortune," with Robert Edeson as the hero of the dramatized novel. Well done.

*Victoria*.—French opera company in repertoire. See above.

*Wallack's*.—"The Last Appeal." Notice later.

*Weber and Fields's Music Hall*.—Last week of the season. On this account the cost of admission will remain as high as usual.

### The Price of Khaki.

Khaki has advanced in price.—*London paper.*

H, what is the price of khaki, of  
khaki in London town?

The cost is high, for when nations  
buy

Fate never puts prices down!

They to the utmost jot must pay;  
Time audits the account;

And till Judgment Day no man may say  
How mighty the amount.

Oh, what is the price of khaki, of khaki in  
London town?

The price is ruth, and the price is truth,  
And England's fair renown.

'Tis justice spurned in the lust of gain;

It is pestilence, rapine and dearth;

It is mercy slain and the ghastly stain  
Of blood that cries from the earth.

Oh, what is the price of khaki, of khaki in  
London town?

It is measureless blame and undying  
shame,

And a curse that will not down.

It is freemen hunted like wolves in drives,  
Or dead in Bahama's damps;

It is countless lives of mothers and wives  
And children in pestilent camps.

Oh, this is the price of khaki, of khaki in  
London town.

'Tis a shameful cost where honor is lost,  
And manhood trampled down.

The debt she makes must England pay,  
Though long runs the account;

Though till Judgment Day no man may  
say

How mighty the amount. *Arlo Bates.*



RECENT FICTION.

"THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY."



OFF THE STAGE.

*She (of the ballet):* YOU DIDN'T ACT AT FIRST AS IF YOU KNEW ME.

*He:* WELL, YOUR CLOTHES MISLED ME.

### Learning and Lucre.

MRS. STANFORD gives her university thirty millions, and there is no intimation that thirty are too many. It has been reported that Mr. Rockefeller has it in mind to bestow twenty-six millions and some odd thousands on his university, by way of completing its endowment; and while those who should know deny that Mr. Rockefeller entertains any such purpose, it is not denied that it would take about twenty-six millions to put the University of Chicago in the way of doing what is called the best work.

The suggestion that it requires a great deal of money to make a university is not altogether pleasant. The common spectacle of education a supplicant at the feet of Mammon, so to speak, is calculated to disquiet those who look to education to facilitate the process of social evolution. There are likely to be times again, as there have been

times in the past, when progress does not command the enthusiastic approbation of Mammon, and if education is to be his servile handmaiden, we shall presently have education arrayed against progress.

It was Garfield (was it not?) who remarked that his notion of getting a liberal education was sitting at one end of a log out in the woods with Mark Hopkins at the other end.

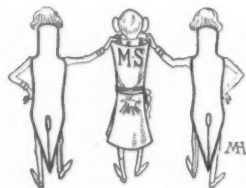
It is perhaps glorious for a university to be rich; it is more glorious to be free.

JASPAR: What makes Jimson so sour?

JUMPUPPE: He once had a success he did not merit, and ever since he has been expecting things he does not deserve.



### "Child Study."



IF there be anywhere in the United States an energetic spinster or a thoughtful young bachelor who has not yet written a book on Child Study, it is time such an omission was repaired. Every month is bringing out a fresh assortment of these delightful manuals. The amount of wisdom they contain would abash Athene and enlighten Solomon. Advice has never been a rare commodity, but just now mothers are getting more than their fair share. If they don't know, by this time, how to bring up their children, it is not from lack of copious admonition. If they fail to grasp the tremendous significance of Baby's gurgle, of Dicky's partiality for sugar, and of Mabella's fear of frogs, it is not because a host of unmarried writers have neglected to point out to them that such things are the key-notes of the soul.

Take the question of amusement. By the time a really anxious mother has learned all the approved methods of play, her offspring will be too old for playing. Some unworthy parents there are who let children amuse themselves, and who even express a sordid satisfaction in not being "bothered" with the entertainment of the nursery. Are they aware that a child at play should sustain "a systematized sequence of experience through which he grows into self-knowledge, clear observation, and unconscious perception of the whole circle of relationship?" Do they even know that "the symbols of play become the truth symbolized in the child's character and personality?" Probably not, unless much reading of "Child Study" books has taught them the oppressiveness of the word "symbol," which is wont to appear on every page. Little boys and girls, we are told, should be taken to see "statues that are full of grace and symbol." They should also be taught classical myths, because these are "largely symbolic."

Now and then a mother rushes to the front—who can blame her?—with a book of her own, in which she narrates very sweetly at what age her baby said "da"; how much longer it took him to murmur "da da"; and how "full two months went by" before he summoned resolution to articulate "da, da, da," "quite clearly and with visible effort." Occasionally these valuable little volumes are illustrated with "Child's first drawing of a house," "Child's first sketch of a cat," "Child's first unconscious attempt to form a letter, before he had been taught to write." There is a good-sized library of this literature already, but the world cries out for more. *Agnes Repplier.*

### The New Life.



PING PONG racket and a golf club met one day by chance in a neglected corner of the great hall. The ping pong racket was bright and new. Its yellow handle was smooth and fresh, and its sandpapered sides reflected the glow of youth. The golf club was rusty and old and slightly warped.

"Hello!" said the racket. "You here! I thought you'd been relegated to the attic or the cellar long ago. It's meal-time," he added, apologetically, "and I'm taking a few minutes much-needed rest. The fact is, I'm rushed to death. Don't you get tired," he superciliously observed, "of sitting around by your lonesome?"

"There was a time"—began the golf club.

"Oh, yes," said the racket. "Of course. You're a back number now. Well, I'm sorry for you. With me, you see, it's different. I'm the real thing. I've come to stay. It's great to be a society leader, isn't it? You know, of course, because you've been there. The trouble with you was that you didn't last. But I'm a steady feature. Any one can see that. Well, here comes my mistress, and I'm off. Ta ta!"

The golf club smiled wisely. "You poor young thing," he said. "How much you have to learn. It won't be long before you'll be back here with me living on memories of the past."

Months passed by, however, and the ping pong racket did not return. One

day the golf club saw him in the distance, as he was on his way upstairs.

"Well," he cried, "how is it now? What did I tell you? You look a trifle the worse for wear."

"I am," said the racket.

"Well, I guess you're a back number yourself now," said the club, dryly. "I don't hear those thirty-loves and deuces any more."

The p. p. r. smiled as he replied. There was an air of new dignity about him that he didn't have before.

"No, I'm not," he observed, quietly. "I'm busier than ever, and I'm here to stay, old man. I've got a permanent job as a baby spanker."

MORAL.

You can't down some folks.

*Tom Masson.*

### A Warning.

THE Boer envoys are privately received at Washington; officially they get the tin ear, in the words of the day.

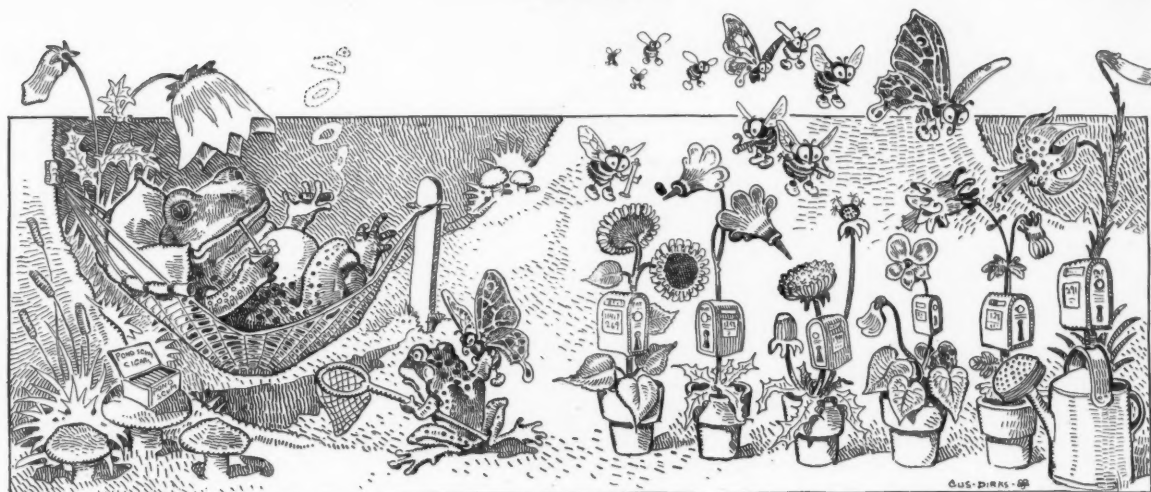
The fate of the Boers should warn little nations not to go down from Jerusalem to Jericho.

There are no Good Samaritans in world politics.



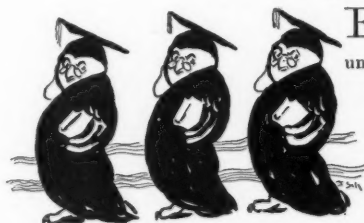
*Masson*

"IF YOU LOVE YER BABY MAKE DEM GOO-GOO EYES."



Frog: SAY, MASTER TOAD, THIS BUTTERFLY WON'T PAY HIS HONEY BILL.  
President of the Flower Trust: HEAVENS! TURN OFF HIS "HONEY METER" AT ONCE.

### Life's College Contest.



**E**ACH calendar month, beginning with May, 1902, until further notice, LIFE will award a prize of Twenty-five Dollars to the college undergraduate who, during that month, shall send the best original humorous contribution.

Contributions must not be over one hundred and fifty words in length, and may be either verse, joke or episode.

Envelopes should be marked "College Contest."

If in any month no contribution is received which is up to LIFE's standard, the prize for that month will not be awarded.

The decision of the editors of LIFE shall be final.

Contributions may be sent at any time and should bear the name, address, college and class of the sender.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by addressed stamped envelope. LIFE will pay at its regular rates for contributions, not prize-winners, which it accepts.

To limit the labor involved in the examination of manuscripts, the contests will be confined to undergraduate students of the following colleges:

Cornell, University of California, Columbia, Stanford University, University of Chicago, Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Brown, Wesleyan, Williams, University of Michigan, Amherst, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Trinity, Hobart, Union, Yale, Harvard, University of Wisconsin.

### Agreed.

**FIRST EUROPEAN MONARCH:** My military establishment never was on such a solid basis.

**SECOND E. M.:** Nor mine. The resources of my entire kingdom have been taxed to the utmost.

"Then let us have peace."



AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

*She:* JIM AND I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A PLEASANT JOURNEY, MOTHER.

*Jim:* YES. JUST THINK, IN SEVEN MINUTES FROM NOW YOU'LL EITHER BE SAFELY THROUGH THE TUNNEL, OR ELSE BE LYING SOMEWHERE MANGLED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

# • LIFE •



## "PING PONG."

The shades of night were falling fast  
As to the dining-room there passed  
A youthful pair, who gayly bore  
A box, on which was this—no more—  
"Ping pong."

They cleared the table with a swish,  
From dolly down to butter dish;  
Then through the centre stretched a net,  
And soon the ball the racquet met—  
Ping pong.

"Try not the game!" the house-maid cried.  
"The dinner is ready now," she sighed,  
"And I must put it on the board."  
The young man turned and fiercely roared:  
"Ping pong."

The cook strode to the open door,  
And cautioned them to cease once more.  
"The roast," she urged, "is sure to burn."  
The maiden gasped: "I'm bound to learn  
"Ping pong."

The family lurked in the hall,  
And moaned: "Are we to eat at all?"  
But still they heard the ping and pong  
That made the cadence of a song—  
Ping pong.

And back and forth they smote the sphere,  
Until the dawn of morning clear.

The father, mother, sisters, too,  
Wailed hungrily: "Alas! we rue  
"Ping pong!"

One day the searchers, out of breath,  
Found all these people starved to death;  
The cook, the house-maid, beau and belle,  
The family—and, sad to tell,  
Above them pinged the pongful knell:  
"Ping pong!" —*Baltimore American.*

A CERTAIN pompous and officious Judge in a Western town had just fined a young lawyer ten dollars for contempt of court. After it had been paid a grave old attorney walked up to the bench and laid down a ten-dollar gold piece.

"What is that for?" asked the Judge.  
"For contempt, your Honor," was the reply.  
"But I didn't fine you for contempt," answered the Judge. "There must be some mistake."  
"Oh, no; there isn't," replied the old man. "I have cherished a secret contempt for this court for a long time, and I'm willing to pay for it." —*Chicago News.*

A NERVOUS-LOOKING man came into the grocery store with his baby on one arm and a coal-oil can on the other. He placed the can on the counter, and said gently:  
"Sit there a moment, dear."  
Then holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added:  
"A gallon of kerosene in this, please."

—*Philadelphia Times.*

"SIR, you haf insulted me!"  
"So! How did I did it?"  
"You wrinkled your nose by me."  
"So! You mean like dot, und dot?"  
"Scoundrel! Ve will fight. Vat is your peesness?"  
"Dot's my peesness. Vat is your peesness?"  
"I am a Cherman lieutenant."  
"I am sorry for de army."  
"So? Und you vill fight yet?"  
"Oh, I vill fight ven you are retty."  
"Vat is to be de veapons?"  
"I haf my choice, of course."  
"Not unless you choose pistols."  
"Und vy do you brefer pistols?"  
"Because I am a putty goot pistol shooter."  
"I see. Den I vill not fight you."  
"If you do not fight und let me kill you I vill prand you as a coward."  
"If you prand me as a coward I vill pull your nose right before your face."  
"You are as goot as a dead man."  
"I am vorth a tousand dead men, you goose-neck monkey."  
"Himmel! You haf insulted de army, und ven you insolt de army you insolt de emperor!"  
"Go vay from me, you pinheadet spindielects."  
"You are no chentlemen."  
"I am glat of it."  
"I vill see you later."  
"Vat a pity."  
"Bah!"  
"Pooh!" —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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THERE is a tide in the affairs of fashionable society, which, taken at the flood, leads on to separation.

—Schoolmaster.

"THAT friend of yours is a good deal of a Utopian, isn't he?"

"He is worse than that," answered the man who can't refuse a request. "He's an I-O-Utopian."

—Washington Star.

In this age, when so many adulterated goods are offered, you want Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It is pure.

"How is it, my dear," inquired a school teacher of a little girl, "that you do not understand this simple thing?"

"I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."

—Schoolmaster.

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JAMES LIGHTLY: Have you tried getting up a heresy trial yet?—Chicago Daily News.

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"WOSSATCHOOOGOT?"

"Afnoonkicker. Lassdition."

"Lemmeseent."

"Taykut. Nuthninnut."

"H'm! Paypszezzrain."

"Yeh. Icanalliztellwenrainscummin'. Canchoo?"

"Naw. How?"

"Bone-zake."

"Squeer!"—Chicago Tribune.

"FETCH me a stoop of liquor," cried the king. And they brought him one of the Imperial piazzas.

—Schoolmaster.



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# • LIFE •

LIFE's protest against cruelty of all sorts, to men or beasts, is a noble record of striving for gentleness. The paper has splendidly maintained a middle course between demagoguery and supercilious, cynical plutocracy. The sheet has been a living force of opposition to all sorts of excess, against fantasticality and frenzy in literature, art, politics. It has shown up every sham the American people have been in danger of worshipping, from society to bogus religion and science. The writer of this paragraph has read every number of LIFE, from the first, and is delighted to confess that the quality of the publication has ever been such that its views, whether conveyed by humorous implication or by direct preachment, have been of unflinching value in helping toward an understanding of the principles involved in every material issue that has been before the people during the period of the paper's existence. LIFE is a paper that represents the best there is in this country. It has warred, for about a score of years, upon vulgarity in every form, and, for that reason, the intelligent reading public must rejoice with LIFE's editor, business manager and contributors over the exceeding prosperity of such an institution.—*St. Louis Mirror.*

THE little daughter of the house watched the minister who was making a visit very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you doing?" asked the clergyman.

"I'm making your picture," said the child.

The minister sat very still, and the child worked away earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her head.

"I don't like it much," she said. "'Tain't a great deal like you. I guess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

—*Philadelphia Times.*

A YOUNG heiress, with a penchant for farming, was explaining at length the many difficulties she encountered in pursuing her fad.

"I really am a farmer," she protested, and then added, regretfully, "although it must be confessed that almost all I plant I lose."

"Therein differing from me," courteously rejoined her table companion, a rising young physician, "for I find in my case that almost all I lose I plant."—*Argonaut.*

THE boy had shown such a degree of ignorance and mental obtuseness that the teacher was disheartened, and she finally asked, sarcastically:

"Do you know whether George Washington was a soldier or a sailor?"

"He was a soldier," replied the urchin, promptly.

"How do you know that?" she persisted.

"'Cause I saw a picture of him crossing the Delaware, an' any sailor'd know enough not to stand up in the boat."

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

ONE of the sorrows of childhood is the slowness of some older people to take a hint. It is often quite a strain on good manners to be obliged to re-enforce a suggestion that should have been adequate in itself.

A little girl, calling at a neighbor's house, sat near a plate containing some apple-parings. At last, unable to keep silence any longer, she said:

"I smell apples."

"Yes," returned her hostess, "it's those parings."

"No'm," said the little girl, solemnly, "I smell whole apples."—*Youth's Companion.*

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Supports  
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restraint.  
Lies FLAT  
against the  
leg.  
No friction.  
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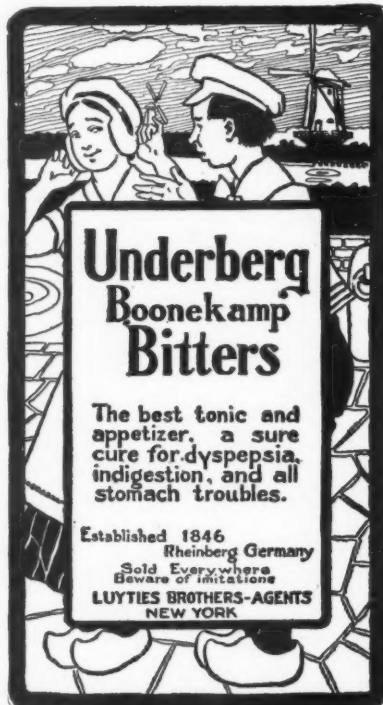
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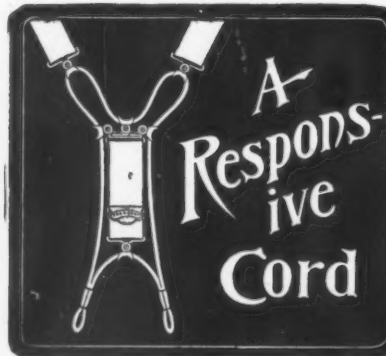
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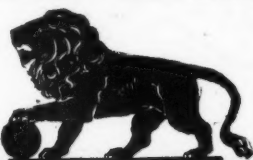


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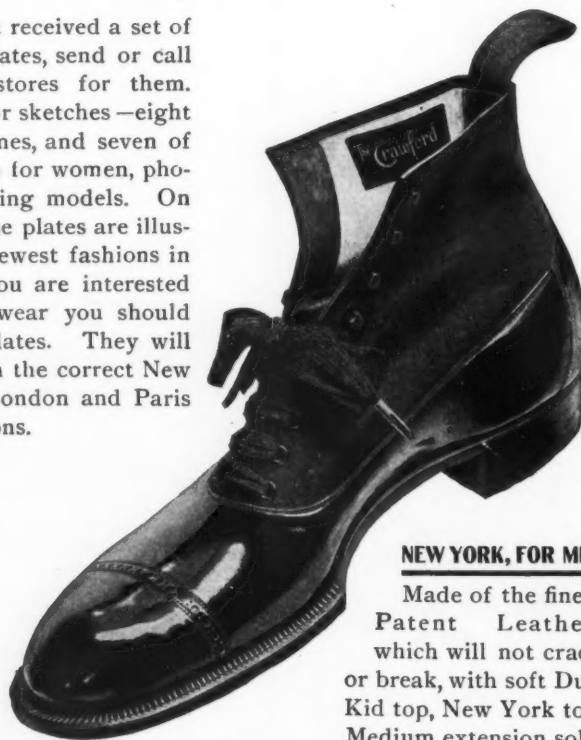
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